THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE BEACON, JEREMIAH PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OF THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1570.

Choice Poetry.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

They tell us, Love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is clear from either's eye
The change that waits on being;
Ah! life they say's a weary way,
With less of joy than sorrow;
For where the sunlight fails to day,
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not tear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deepen, and be, departing, with great care, the baby in her arms, "I'll try to remember your name. I'm a blind man, as you well know; I make no allusion to the past—but it was my fault as much as your own, perhaps more. I would not insult me as an old friend. Can I do anything for you? Can I do anything for yourself, husband?"

"Thank you," she replied, and there was feeling in her tone. "This kindness is unexpected; but I do not think we have occasion to let it."

"Do not think me inquisitive; but has Mr. Orland a fortune?"

"He has none."

"Has he a profession?"

"He has not."

"Then how the deuce are you supported?"

"I give lessons in music and drawing."

"And Mr. Ormand?"

She did not blush, for her complexion was not a mutable one, but she looked vexed and disconcerted.

"There are some subjects which the oldest and most privileged friend cannot approach. If I am satisfied with my lot, no one has a right to censure."

"To be sure not; but what is the source of income do you do with that baby when you are attending to your lessons? You have a nurse, of course?"

"When it is necessary."

She spoke this in a cold, haughty tone, as if to repel further interrogations. But Mr. Rolland had a plan in his head, and would not be repelled.

"Mrs. Ormand," said he, "you must not be offended with me. I want you and your husband best to go home with me. Grosse will be delighted to see you—will he not?"

"I will not accept your kind invitation," said she, and will be taken up with her own little concerns; and the negroes will want some one to look after them. I wanted Lorraine to come to Clement Grove, and never take my darling child from me; but he is not to be capable of looking after her, and nothing must do but he must plant his blooming face in the midst of negroes. I said a little more than I have done, and Mr. Ormand can assist me in looking after the plantation, and overseeing the servants. They have received many kindnesses from my husband's family, and I think they ought to be so, too. The leaves have turned to gold on the twigs of the chestnut, the gentle, deserted, plentiful, fall, to the ground, and the naked branches stretch out bleakly towards a wintry sky. Again the embryo foliage has been planned, and silently set with graceful drapery the grove in which, with a thousand sweet voices, spring is heralded in a foreign land. He was coming, but is detained by a slight cold. He has been better, so he writes, but yesterday he was not well enough, and he would soon be well again. Thus Hope whispered and Love believed. In the meantime one new member was added to the household.

Mr. Rolland was called by business into the interior of the State. One night, as he stepped to rest at an inn in a flourishing village, he heard a female voice singing in the next apartment. It was very sweet, and as the notes swelled, then died away on the ear, old reminiscences stirred within him. "Where have I heard that voice before?" thought he. "Ah! it must be Miss Wharton."

Now, though he had been very angry with Miss Wharton for deserting Grace, his conscience had often reproached him for having imputed her to deception. It was he who had proposed to her in the absence of her family, and silenced their gentle remonstrances with his urbane Grace. It was he who had thrown her into temptation, and he had bitterly upbraided her for yielding. Time, and the intrigue of self-approach, as suffering the consequences of error, had softened his resentment, and a kindness crept in. Her voice thrilled pleasantly through his heart. It was not scarcely a year ago since he was in the habit of hearing it almost every day, and now it had become associated with the future. He felt unnerved by the spontaneous gush of memories. He felt ashamed of himself while he did so; for, had he followed his first, straight-forward impulse, he would have bolted at once in the room. But though impulse pushed him forward, delicacy, respect for woman, which was a chief ingredient in the coarse web of his character, held him back. A lady dressed in the plainest robe of black would not in a low study, exciting an infant in her arms. It was the bellicky over her sleeping babe, that had stolen softly through the open door, and now had fallen upon his ear. At first he scarcely recognized in the subdued tone the clear, ringing voice. The blessed consciousness of Miss Wharton's love was astounding as strange, as inconsistent to him to whom it was a chief consideration of misfortune, to be cooled hastily before the ardence of his own. There was no time for reflection. Impulse, whose swift arms seemed to be the pinions of intimacy, whose bosoms the pillow of immunity, who treads on the first word, "Miss Wharton!" He was Grace Rolland's husband. Child-like as she was, it would have been impossible to conceal the change in her young heart her own, shortlived as it was, from her former instructress. At the sound of Mr. Rolland's voice, Miss Wharton dropped a dandle in his mind, he gave a gentle tap at the door, and walked in, before she would rise from her seat.

"Don't let me disturb you, I beg of you," said he, in a rather subdued embarrassment, that attempted to rise. "I can very glad to see you again, Miss—Mrs.—I forgot your name. I beg your pardon—a fine infant; your own, I suppose—a boy or a girl?"

Mr. Rolland felt so awkward at his unexpected intrusion, and in lady's confinement, that he seized upon the child as a subject of conversation, with great enthusiasm. When told that it was a girl, and that its name was Grace, the chord that vibrated to the sweetest music of his heart was touched. He took the child very gently in his arms, (he was very fond of children) and walking backwards and forwards, moved it to and fro, with a fantastic motion, as if it had been a bunch of peacock feathers. Mrs. Ormand lifted her pale face, with a softer smile than he had ever seen illumine it. She imagined other flowers, and when told she was introduced to Lorraine, she said she was glad, for she knew him to be worthy of her love. He had every reason to believe him, and she hoped he would find that in a constant heart. There was a pause. Again Mr. Rolland fathered the long drum in the air, and another smile filled over the mother's face.

"Where is Mr.—Mr.—"

"Mr. Ormand?"

"Yes, Mr. Ormand—your husband."

"He is gone abroad this evening; but I expect he will soon return."

"He is well, I hope?"

"Very well."

There was another pause; but Mr. Rolland was not a man to make many observations when he had a threat object before him.

"Mrs. Ormand," said he

The Traveller.

LIFE ON THE WING.

A BALLAD

CONCERNING THE PRESENT STATE OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

TERMS, &c.

LATER REPORTS.

THE NEWS FROM CUBA.

THE FALCON.

MR. CALHOUN'S OPINION.

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FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

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A HINT TO TEACHERS.

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
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From Cuba.

THE LOPEZ EXPEDITION.

EXECUTION OF FIFTY AMERICANS.

THE FALCON BOARDED.

Since our last, the following important news has been received from Havana, brought by the steamship Cherokee. The dates are to Aug. 17th. We select the following accounts from the New York Herald, Tribune, &c. We are indebted to the Purser of the Cherokee for the following fearful narrative:

The steamer Habanero, while cruising off a place called Bahia Honda, forty miles West of Havana, captured a party of 50 of the patriots, who were in four boats, unarmed, and report says, were steering for New Orleans. They were brought to Havana by the steamer Habanero, on Saturday morning, the 16th inst., at 1 o'clock, A. M., and were placed on board another Spanish frigate lying in port, and were executed at 15 minutes past 11 the same morning, by being shot on the public road in Havana, and at the least calculation in the presence of 20,000 spectators. After they were shot, they were dragged by the feet by negroes, and then left to the mob, who commenced stripping off their clothes, and carrying them on sticks through the streets, yelling like so many demons just escaped from the bottomless pit, and seeking to wreak vengeance on they knew not what.

... been furnished by the funeral agencies, and were ... according to the circumstances of the tragedy. The justice of man is complete! God has pardoned the young culprits, who have lost their lives by having trusted their faith to the infamous falsehoods of the New Orleans papers.

HAVANA, August 16—10, A. M.

Intelligence reached Havana, last week, that four hundred picked men had been sent out into the mountains of Cuba by General Lemery, who was made to believe that a very small number of the insurgents remained, and could be easily captured. The result was, that the troops were led into ambush, where a large force of the patriots, under Dr. Augustin Aguero y Aguero, rushed upon them and killed some fifty on the spot. The rest of the Spaniards retreated to Principe, as well as they could, in the greatest disorder.

Scarcely had the government recovered from this shock, when their attention was called to the still more serious fact that a number of sympathizers, under Gen. Lopez had effected a landing at Playtas, a few miles to the Westward of Bahia Honda, which took place at 4, A. M., on the 12th instant. Lopez is decidedly a brave man—brave almost to rashness. It is positively believed here, and I believe it to be true, that the steamer signalled from the Moro Castle, on the evening of the 12th, was the same one which conveyed Gen. Lopez and his friends to those shores. Such a daring act of audacity, bearding as it were the lion in his den, is most extraordinary.

It appears that, close into the entrance of this harbor, Lopez fell in with a schooner, from which he took out the captain and mate to serve him as pilots on the coast of Bahia Honda, the navigation of which is very intricate. They arrived off Bahia Honda about 9, P. M., when they immediately commenced making signals to the shore by means of rockets, &c., which probably had been previously agreed upon between the liberators and those on shore. Gen. Lopez did not effect a landing with his men until 4, A. M.; but the debarkation was done in so masterly a style, that before sunrise he had not only landed his men, with all their munitions of war, but was on his march to Las Pozas, a town a few miles distant from the coast, where he immediately commenced intrenching himself.

The expedition, in the opinion of the witnesses, consisted of a thousand men. They only disembarked two barrels of powder, four cwt. of balls and two boxes of muskets. Each person was armed with a pair of six barrelled pistols, a sword and musket, all in bad condition. They only landed provisions for one day, the greater part of which was biscuit, and two barrels of meat. The company consisted of fifty natives of Cuba, and the remainder from America and other countries. On landing, Gen. Lopez sent a letter to the inhabitants of Pozas, threatening them with extermination if they did not aid him.

In the meanwhile, here, in Havana, reigned the greatest excitement. ...

POLITICAL NEWS.

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Marriages.

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General News.

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

CUBAN REVOLUTION.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.

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SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL.

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.

Selected Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

Selected Sketch.

A WORD ON PIANOFORTES.

Wit and Humor.

FROG CATCHING.

COUNT PULASKI.

Selected Articles.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

... you seek is not vacant. It is our determination to retain the present incumbent. Good-evening, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith looks after the Secretary's carriage as it rolls away. His eyes are dim with tears. He thinks of his debt at Gadsby's, incurred on hope; of the borrowed money on which he came to Washington, to be paid on his return; of his wife and children; and the next morning Mr. Smith's body is found in Goose River!

The Coroner's Inquest reported, "Death by drowning." The Recording Angel records, "Death by office-seeking."

THE POOR MAN'S FAIRIES.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Oh! mine is a fairy home,
Tho' 'tis humble enough and poor;
There are prints of their tiny feet
All over the sanded floor.

There are sounds as of elfin glee,
That awake me at peep of day;
There are wee things about my path,
Ere I start with my spade away.

Last night, one I left the field,
A friend, with a smiling face,
Came to ask me to go with him
To some merry carousing place.

But methought that the while he talked
I was touched with a magic wand—
With a sprightly glimmer of merry eyes,
And a look I can ne'er withstand.

I saw one sweet anxious face
Await in the porch for me,
While three little busy elves
Were as merry as elves could be.

I saw their sweet looks of love,
And my heart set off through the wood;
So I bade my old friend good-night,
And followed as fast as I could.

One fairy had made my tea,
And another had sliced my bread,
And a tiny one had clambered my knee
For a kiss ere she went to bed.

And Bess is the fairy queen,
And Harry, and Jane, and Kate,
Are the three little busy elves
Who clustered around my gate.

Oh! mine is a fairy home,
Tho' men say there are fairies no more;
Still they beckon me when I roam,
And peer in at my cottage door.

A WESTERN STEAMER.

Rev. J. P. Thompson, one of the editors of the N. Y. Independent, who has lately been on a Western tour, thus sketches a Western steamer:

A Western steamboat is at first sight a novelty to one familiar only with Eastern models. The boats on the Western waters are very slightly built, mere shells of pine, shallow, long, narrow, flat-bottomed, open and flaring on all sides, just as represented in Banvard's panorama. There is no cabin either below the deck or upon it. ...

GEORGE COMBE—THE PHRENOLOGIST.

THE BLOOMER DRESS.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

For Housekeepers.

Agricultural.

RAT KILLING.

... They were thus baited for two days, the baits being renewed as soon as it was discovered, by inspection, that they had been consumed. On these days people were prevented as much as possible, from frequenting the apartments in which the traps were placed, and dogs were entirely excluded. Removing the checks from the springs on the third day, and arming himself with a short stout stick, having a game-bag slung across his shoulders, Featherstone was on the alert; and the moment he heard the click of a trap he ran to it, removed the bundle of straw, knocked the rat on the head, if alive, threw it out of the trap, set it again, replaced the bundle, bagged the rat—all in a few seconds—and then resumed the watch. In the course of the day, from morning to afternoon, he had collected three hundred and eighty-five rats; and allowing every trap to have done equal execution, each had caught more than eighteen rats. He bargained for one penny a rat and his food; and in three days he earned in money £1 11s. 1d.—All the rats were of course not cleared of by this capture; but they received such a thinning as to prove comparatively harmless for years. Featherstone's first business on the day following the capture, was to clean each trap bright before setting out on his journey; and he seemed to place greater reliance on the cleanly state of his traps than on any other circumstance—and thereby, no doubt, the suspicion of the rats was allayed.—*Stephens' Farmers' Guide.*

Curious Phenomenon.—The following statement of a curious phenomenon in vegetable life, must, I think, prove valuable to every fruit-grower and agriculturist, as it is certainly interesting, to every investigator of vegetation.—About the first of July, I observed in a small pear orchard, a short distance from our village, some six or eight large and healthy looking trees, entirely divested of the bark, from the lower limbs to the ground, a space of more than six feet.

I inquired of the owner, who, with a neighboring farmer was standing by, "whether he desired to kill those trees?" He replied that he did not; but that he had removed the bark in order to ...

THE ENGLISH IDEA OF BUTTER.

Mr. Stephens, in his book of the Farm, thus dwells upon butter and butter-making:

Butter assumes a texture according as it has been treated. When burst in the churning it is not only soft but frothy, and on being cut with a knife, sticks to it, and seems as if it could be compressed into much smaller bulk. When churned too rapidly, particularly in warm weather, the butter may not be agitated to the state of bursting, but it will continue soft and never become firm, though worked up with ever so much care and in the coolest manner, and when a lump is drawn asunder in two pieces, they each present a jagged surface, and also stick to the knife that cuts it. Butter in either of these states of softness will not keep long, whether salted or fresh. When overchurned—that is, when the churning has been continued after the butter has been formed, the butter becomes firm with very little working, and is tenacious,—but its most desirable state is that of wax, when it is easily moulded into any shape, and maybe drawn out to a considerable length before breaking. It is only in this state that butter possesses that rich, nutty flavor and smell which impart so high a degree of pleasure in eating it, and which enhance its value manifold. It is not necessary to taste butter on judging of it; the smooth, unctuous feel, on rubbing a little between the finger and thumb, expresses at once its richness of quality; the nutty smell indicates a similar taste; and the bright, glistening, cream-colored surface, shows its high state of cleanliness.

What I have stated in reference to the making of butter, applies particularly to that obtained from cream alone, and from cream in the usual state for butter, namely, after it has become sour by keeping; but butter can be obtained from sweet cream, though churning renders its buttermilk as sour as that from sour cream. To have butter in perfection from sweet cream it should be churned every day. The table churn becomes useful for this purpose. I see it alleged, in advertisements of table churns, that butter may be made in them from cream in ten or twelve minutes. I have made several experiments with such a table churn, in churning cream at different velocities, but never obtained good butter in less than thirty minutes, and when formed so quickly as in fifteen minutes, the butter was soft and frothy. I have heard it alleged that butter of the finest quality cannot be obtained from sweet cream, but I know from experience that butter of the richest quality, flavor and appearance, can be made from sweet cream. Were not such butter super-excellent, would noblemen have it on their tables every morning? I consider butter out of the churn and before it is washed most delicious. It is true that sweet cream requires longer churning than sour, still butter is obtained from it in thirty to forty minutes. For my own use, I would never desire better butter, the year round, than that churned every morning in a small churn from sweet cream. Such butter on new baked oat-cake, overlaid with flower virgin honey, accompanied with a cup of hot strong coffee, mollified with crystallized sugar and cream, such as the butter has been made from, is a breakfast worth partaking of, but seldom to be obtained.

The Best Kind of Fowls.—As I have for several years been more or less engaged in poultry raising, and have within the time kept nearly all kinds of domestic fowls common to this country, I have often been asked the question,—"Which are the most profitable hens to keep?" but have not been able to decide fully which were the most so until lately. And I now give you my decision, hoping that some of your readers may be profited by my experience:

If your object be to keep hens for laying, keep the pure black Spanish fowls. Even if you pay a large price for them, they will soon pay you back the money with interest. But if your object be to raise chickens for marketing, cross the black Spanish with the red Shanghae or Cochin China fowls; as chickens produced from such a cross will attain a larger size and come to maturity much sooner than the clear Asiatic fowls. And those—if any there be who doubt the above statement, are cordially invited to visit my poultry-yard and see for themselves.

As I am free to give you my experience in poultry raising, I hope others will give theirs as freely; and if there are really any better fowls than the above named—and it can be proved so—then I am willing to give up beat. Now, friends, do give us a little of your experience in the matter; and when convenient call and visit my pure stock of imported Spanish fowls.—J. Dixon, in *N. E. Farmer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 14, 8, 20, 19, 22, 16, is a town in Rhode Island.
My 2, 20, 7, 29, is a town in Iowa.
My 3, 19, 8, 11, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 4, 29, 26, 19, 22, 17, is a town in New Jersey.
My 5, 31, 26, 3, 30, is a town in Maine.
My 6, 22, 16, 20, is a town in Michigan.
My 7, 16, 9, 19, 23, 5, is a town in Delaware.
My 8, 17, 9, 25, 19, is a town in Illinois.
My 9, 30, 7, 31, is a town in Connecticut.
My 10, 26, 20, 26, is a town in Ohio.
My 11, 20, 3, 1, 28, is a town in Tennessee.
My 12, 30, 14, 3, 21, is a town in Indiana.
My 13, 19, 23, 26, is a town in Georgia.
My 14, 30, 20, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 15, 19, 1, 31, is a town in Missouri.
My 16, 6, 17, 20, 30, is a town in Alabama.
My 17, 26, 1, 10, 31, 8, 21, is a town in Louisiana.
My 18, 20, 5, 8, is a town in Virginia.
My 19, 2, 30, 32, is a town in Mississippi.
My 20, 28, 31, 11, 6, 25, is a town in Florida.
My 21, 20, 4, 19, 23, 26, 5, is a town in Maryland.
My 22, 8, 16, 17, 10, 23, 5, is a town in Arkansas.
My 23, 24, 30, 9, 3, 4, is a town in North Carolina.
My 24, 31, 20, 1, 13, 14, 30, is a town in Vermont.
My 25, 10, 19, 3, 17, is a town in South Carolina.
My 26, 16, 3, 19, 9, is a town in Minnesota.
My 27, 31, 8, 11, 25, 32, is a town in Oregon.
My 28, 14, 9, 21, is a town in New York.
My 29, 13, 7, 11, 25, 30, is a town in Kentucky.
My 30, 25, 10, 13, 8, 24, is a town in Texas.
My 31, 7, 28, 8, 30, is a town in Wisconsin.
My 32, 20, 13, 31, 18, 6, 9, 23, 26, 17, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My whole is the name of a noted summer retreat among the Jersey Pines.

JOSEPH F. ROWAND, Jr.

Pemberton, New Jersey.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No lady's cold heart can be harder
Than my first has ever been found;
It revels alike in the sunlight,
As deep in the sea as the ground.

My second is dark as Erebus,
As bright as the face of "Miss Neal,"
It vies with the fame of the diamond,
Is sharp as a dagger of steel.

My whole has the state of a nabob,
Is drawn by the swift rolling car;
It cheers both the poor and the noble,
And glows like the gleam of a star.

Though first in a palace of darkness
It dwells, like a heathen in night,
It yields to the labor of mortals,
And cheers us with heat and with light.

Oak Hill College. S. H. D.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a semispherical vessel, whose diameter is 32 inches, be filled with water, at what distance from the edge must a person stand (the perpendicular height of whose eye is 4 feet above the top of the vessel,) so as just to see the centre of its bottom?

Montpelier, Vermont. F. N. T.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When should a musician be punished as a counterfeiter. Ans.—When he produces false notes.

☞ When is a man's head like two letters of the alphabet? Ans.—When it is empty. (M. T.)

☞ When should a person be frightened at a reed? Ans.—When he sees a bull-rush.

☞ Why is the Waterloo bridge at London like a celebrated one at Venice. Ans.—It is a bridge of sighs (size).

☞ Why should the Bloomer costume be carefully studied? Ans.—Because it is a work of Pantology.

Oak Hill College. S. H. D.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pair of pants mended by a potato patch.
A small clap of political thunder.
An old fence fastened up with beef steaks (stakes).

East Clarksfield, Huron County, Ohio. C. M. R.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Martin F. Tupper.

ENIGMA.

Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French.

CHARADE.—Freestone.

PROBLEM.

Height of the window four feet and six inches.

The Irish Peasantry.—I have been painfully disappointed in the apparent condition of the rural peasantry on the line of travel from Belfast to Dublin, which I had understood formed an exception to the general misery of Ireland. Out of the towns, not one habitation in ten is fit for human beings to live in, but mere low, cramped hovels of rock, mud and straw; not one-half the families on the way seem to have so much as an acre of land to each household; not half the men to be seen have coats to their backs; and not one in four of the women and children have each a pair of shoes or stockings. And these feet!—if the owners would only wash them once a week, the general aspect of affairs in this section would be materially brightened. Wretchedness, rags and despair salute me on every side; and if this be the best part of Ireland, what must the state of the worst be?—*Horace Greeley.*

The Olio.

The Women of England.—About a century ago, it was customary for the wives and daughters of the Peers, and other honorable ladies, to sit in the gallery of the House of Lords, listening to or looking at the speakers. The younger members of the House were often detected by their seniors, with their eyes fixed on the gallery, when they should have been looking at the speaker; and winking, nodding, and playing pantomime with their female cousins when they should have been laying in funds of political economy. The elders, taking offence at this levity, (stupid old fools, they played the same tricks at twenty-five,) passed a resolution that hereafter no woman should be admitted to the House or gallery. Next day all the West End was in commotion—ladies in their carriages flying in all directions; shortly before six P. M., the whole posse of noblemen's wives, headed by the Duchess of Devonshire, beset the door, demanding admittance. In obedience to his instructions, the door-keeper refused. They made a rush, pushed him on one side, while they entered like a flock of pigeons, and filled the whole gallery. When the Peers took their seats, they were confounded to see their wives and married daughters, to the number of some hundreds, dressed with all their ornaments, and holding a silent meeting, like a company of Friends. As soon as a quorum arrived, the Speaker took the chair; the Sergeant-at-arms was desired to clear the galleries; the ladies dared him to touch them, and claimed their right as Peeresses of the realm. The Sergeant-at-arms looked to the Speaker for orders. The noblemen began to laugh, the resolution was reconsidered, and laid on the table. The majority were proud of their dames for the noble stand they had taken in defence of their rights.

Havana Gallantry.—You do not see here, as in Mexico, hundreds of superbly-mounted caballeros, making their steeds champ, and prance, and caracoler, till their weighty silver ornaments flash like lightning on the eye. Here the gentlemen are generally pedestrian promenaders, if they are not lounging, stretched out in their luxurious volantes themselves. They walk leisurely and gaudily along, smoking the fragrant weed, and gazing at the fair Habaneras who are passing in their fairy canoeies on wheels; and they tell me it is the fashion here, when a gallant sees some particularly lovely young doña, for him to exclaim—"How beautiful—how lovely!" and for her to reply, with a slight gracious inclination of her little stag-like head—"Gracious, caballero." I was not a little surprised, at first, at the answer the ladies make to the universally-employed salutation—"A los pies de V. señorita!" ...

The Florist.